

P O E M S:

BY

MISS CARMICHAEL.

after a visit to the

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar!

BEATTIE.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,
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1790.

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TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
DAVID STEUART-MONCRIEFFE,
ONE OF THE BARONS
OF HIS MAJESTY'S COURT OF EXCHEQUER
IN SCOTLAND,
THE FOLLOWING POEMS
ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED,
AS A MARK OF GRATITUDE AND ESTEEM,
BY HIS MOST OBEDIENT
AND VERY HUMBLE SERVANT,

R. CARMICHAEL.

EDINBURGH.
FEBRUARY 4, 1790.

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P O E M S.

ON THE FATE O F CAPTAIN G*****.

SAD on the margin of the deep,
I saw a lady fit and weep,
 Array'd in robes of white;
Below she mark'd the billows rise,
Above the dark unsettled skies,
 Nor shiver'd at the fight.
No terror in her looks I trac'd,
While lightnings gleam wild o'er the waste,
 And hideous thunders roar.

A

For

For O! the mind o'ercharg'd with care,
The heart-struck marble, in despair,
Alas! can feel no more.

But, like soft rains 'midst summer fun,
Her tears in mild composure run
From either beaming eye;
And as the gentle gales of spring,
When eve descends with fable wing,
So heav'd her bosom-sigh.

At length, in moving strains, but mild,
Through hollow rocks, in echoes wild,

These words assail'd mine ear:

"Ye raving winds! thou rolling sea!

"Your boist'rous rage is lost on me,

"I have no more to fear.

"Thou treach'rous overswelling main,

"O! couldst thou give my love again

"To my sad widow'd fight;

Although

“ Although his eyes be funk in death,

“ His icy lips be void of breath,

“ I’d kifs them with delight.

“ What’s this I fee!—my fancy raves!

“ Three lovely forms stretch’d on the waves,

“ And floating to the shore.

“ O my lost children! is it you?”

They answer not—“ Adieu, adieu!”

She sigh’d, and said no more.

THE
TWA DOWS.

THERE were twa dows, upon a day,
Made wise by want, fatigu'd wi' play,
Sat in a docket;
The grund was cover'd o'er wi' snaw,
Nae grains o' rye or wheat they saw
As out they lookét.

O brither pigeon! says the tane,
I envy a' the sons o' men,
They are fae canty,
The cozy room, wi' carpet laid,
The prefs nae toom, the bed weel made,
An' naething scanty,

Ye filly thing, the ither cries,
Ye're graining temper I despise,
As weel as pity;

What

What would the King o' Britain gee
To be as weel as you or me,
A' London city?

For a' the waes that he has felt,
The half o' them has no been telt,
They've weel been hided ;
When spring returns, this little throat
Shall bill in many a plaintive note
How he's been guided.

But yet he has a trusty friend,
Wha's steady mind will never bend,
Frae strictest duty ;
An' heaven knows he has a son,
Wha to the very de'il would run
For female beauty.

But, canny lad, we a' may blefs him,
For you and I would surely miss him,
He's been fae good ;

He's

He's sent as muckle filler here,
Might had us picking half a year,
The best o' food.

Then envy not the rich an' great ;
You'r better in your present state,
Though but a dow ;
For they hae griefs ye dinna ken,
An' aft these noble creatures men
Do envy you.

A S O N G.

AT night, when each mortal is laid to repose,
 My breast ever throbs, and my eyes never close;
 I wander alone, my fond heart to console,
 And think on ALEXIS, the pride of my soul.

Then farewell, my love, my ALEXIS, adieu!

For I breathe without feeling since banish'd from
 you.

In vain the soft zephyr waves over my head,
 And the moon's pallid glory beams through the dark
 shade;

For the mild orb of even is lost to my view,
 And the wind blows too rudely when absent from you.

At morn when gay Phœbus brings vigour and light,
 I view the sweet scene with a languid delight;
 For my eyes stream with anguish as oft as I see
 The smiles of the morning, which mind me of thee.

My

My heart with the ocean I'm apt to compare,
Where the sun brings relief in the midst of despair;
So thy image reflected relieve my distress,
And kindles emotions I cannot express.

I wander unmov'd by the murmuring rill;
What made my heart flutter now makes it lie still;
With coldness uncommon these pleasures I view;
I think on the castle, the cottage, and you.
I shun the gay circle wherever they come,
They tell me I'm fullen, ill-natur'd, and dumb;
I sigh and say nothing; for what can I do?
Yet my eyes surely answer I'm thinking on you.

But why should I languish? I'll go and be prest
To the parent of nature, and lie on her breast:
She'll tell me how vain are the hopes I pursue;
For life's but a labour when absent from you!

No longer LOUISA shall sigh for her swain,
Nor her feelings be hurt with contempt and disdain;

In

In the cold arms of death no rude passion shall wound;
Tho' her pillow be damp, yet her sleep shall be sound.

Then farewell, my love, my ALEXIS adieu!

For I soon will cease breathing since banish'd from
you!

B

O N

ON THE
SUDDEN DEATH

OF A
YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

THE veil of night was drawn aside,
The sky was beaming red ;
In youth and health's luxuriant pride
Ross lightly left his bed.

He call'd his dog—he seiz'd his gun—
He flew to yonder plain,
Elated with the rising sun,
But ne'er return'd again.

“ In luck,”—he cries, “ I’ve shot my bird”—
He stops—and pants for breath—
He never spoke another word,
But clos’d his eyes in death.

An

An Angel mark'd him from his birth;
And, when the doom was given,
Did crop the sweetest bud on earth
To bloom and blow in heaven!

THE

THE TOOTH.

O Look not, lady, with disdain!
 Nor fill our hearts with ruth;
 You still may charm some humble swain,
 Altho' you've lost a tooth!

Thy beaming eyes are black as jet,
 And pretty is thy mouth;
 No angel ever smil'd so sweet,
 Before you lost a tooth.

While fondly thus you strive to shine
 In all the charms of youth;
 Your face and figure e'er divine,
 But, O! you've lost a tooth.

Ah! why that angry frown? for shame!
 I only speak the truth:
 It cannot hurt ELIZA's fame
 To say she's lost a tooth.

But

But search some hearts, perhaps you'll find

A greater fault forsooth;

O! it were well for woman kind

Were all their los a tooth!

A ROMANTIC SCENE,

Which happened in the year 1746.

PHENES and HERO far retir'd,
 Without one wish to be admir'd,
 Liv'd in a lonely den;
 Of equal birth in friendship blest,
 A mutual passion both confest,
 And shun'd the paths of men.

The charms of nature were their pride,
 The winding wood, the water side,
 The chief of their delight;
 How pleas'd, how fondly would they stray,
 At early dawn, or beaming day,
 Or mark the solemn night.

These lovely maids, with equal grace,
 Did differ far in form and face,
 But both completely fair;

An

An angel smil'd on PHENES' lips,
Her bloom did every rose eclipse,
And yellow was her hair.

But HERO pale as winter snow,
Did each expressive feature show,
That made fair HELEN shine ;
Her glossy hair, as black as jet,
Hung almost waving to her feet ;
She seem'd or was divine.

'Twas on the softest morn in spring,
When hearts at ease elated sing,
To hail the rising year,
The dew drops hung from every flower,
They rose and left their little bower,
And wander'd void of fear.

At length they reach'd a lofty hill ;
They climb'd a rock—then both stood still
To view the rising sun ;

Not

Not distant far they spied a swain;
They felt a sort of pleasing pain,
But strove the path to shun.

O! such a youth is seldom seen,
In belted plaid and vest of green,
With looks of manly pride;
All gay in ancient grandeur drest,
A brilliant star adorn'd his breast,
A sword hung by his side.

They turn'd with modest looks and shy;
He stood, he gaz'd, he came not nigh;
He held his wounded heart.
Nor did he know, nor could he tell
Which lovely maid did most excell,
Or who had shot the dart.

Fair PHENES' beauty he admir'd;
Her smiles, her bloom, his bosom fir'd,
Her soft her easy air;

But

But when he gaz'd on HERO's eyes,
He felt such strong emotions rise,
It was too much to bear.

Now homeward as they bent their course,
The first time e'er they felt the force
Of Love's resistless power,
They blush'd ; they knew not what to say ;
They walk'd in silence all the way,
And slowly reach'd their bower,

Unknown to every low disguise,
They scarce could meet each other's eyes,
So strangely did they feel ;
O needless care, it was in vain !
For love, of every other pain,
No woman can conceal.

Their tender passion both confess'd ;
Night drew apace, they sought for rest,
But sleep had flown away.

C

His

His image was a waking dream ;
When LUNA show'd her pallid beam
They thought it break of day,

Says HERO, PHENES, will you go,
To yonder lofty hill you know,
And taste the morning breeze ;
Again I think to tread the place
Where we beheld that angel face,
Would give my bosom ease.

O no! replied the other maid,
For me I'll seek the darkest shade,
Nor trust the hills again ;
It would but fill my heart with grief ;
Can barren mountains give relief,
When absent is the swain ?

While thus they argued, all around
They heard soft music's melting sound,
Sent in a moving strain :

Then

Then hand in hand they walk'd along,
To join its echoes with a song,
And wander'd o'er the plain.

But ah! what pleasure and surprise,
When lo! before their wishing eyes
Appear'd the handsome youth;
At once amaz'd they see the moon;
It was as they had met too soon,
Too late to hide the truth.

His trembling lips forsook the flute;
Resolv'd no longer to be mute,
He thus address'd the fair:
I fear, sweet maids, I've been too bold,
But in CLEANTHUS you behold
The victim of despair.

And O my grief's of such a kind,
I never must reveal my mind,
But pine in endless woe.

He

He said no more, but heav'd a sigh,
One silent tear bedew'd his eye,
He bow'd, and turn'd to go.

Forgetting all their female pride,
For female weakness will not hide,
They caught him in their arms:
O do not, do not fly away!
At least till noon with us you'll stay;
Your voice, your music charms.

Our dwelling is but small and mean,
A little hut on yonder green,
We boast no princely hall.
But there all nature strews her sweets,
The tuneful choir in concert meets,
And there the waters fall.

Then welcome, stranger, freely share
Our humble roof, our simple fare,
We'll try to soothe your woes.

Or

Or if fatigu'd, you wish to rest,
To ease the struggles of your breast,
We'll sing you to repose.

Beyond his utmost hopes delighted,
By Beauty's self, by Love invited,
With them he freely went ;
Nor were they distant from the spot,
Where stood the sweet romantic cot,
The mansion of content.

All day the happy stranger staid ;
He talk'd, he sung, his flute he play'd,
To charm each tender heart ;
But O ! when PHOEBUS hid his head,
The charm is broke, the transport fled,
Alas ! they're doom'd to part.

Farewell, he cries ! I bid adieu
To all I prize, in leaving you
I leave my soul behind !

For

For never did I chance to meet
With maids so lovely and so sweet,
So killing, and so kind.

On me does Fate and Fortune frown ;
Tho' born to reign, and wear a crown,
Alas I'm doom'd to mourn :
An exile from my native shore,
I never will behold you more ;
I never can return !

The blood forsook fair PHENES' cheek,
She sobb'd aloud, but could not speak,
She fear'd to bid him stay :
Bright HERO's ruby lips turn'd pale,
She found her vital spirits fail,
She sunk, and died away.

I see, he said, I have been wrong ;
Indeed, I fear, I've stay'd too long,
And now I cannot go.

Why



Why did I e'er thy dwelling trace,
For ever let me hide my face,
The cause of so much woe.

With HERO every art they tried,
But Death their utmost skill defied,
Her spotless soul had fled :
Distracted for her loss, they rave ;
In LEDER Den they dug her grave,
And laid her with the dead.

CLEANTHUS staid a day or two,
Till cruel foes his steps pursue,
Then was he forc'd to fly :
Now, PHENES, who can paint thy grief,
Without one hope to give relief,
Or check the bursting sigh ?

Her friend, her lover, ever lost,
On Sorrow's ample ocean tost,
Her charms began to fade ;
For

For twice twelve months did PHENES weep,
Till her fair eyes were clos'd in sleep,
Below the silent shade.

'Tis only PHILÔMEL can tell
The time, the place where PHENES fell,
And ended all her care.
Two gentle spirits have been seen,
In Fairy drefs, of rural green,
To walk and wander there.

THE

THE VILLAIN'S SOLILOQUY.

THICK gath'ring sorrow crouds around my heart,
 Guilt stings my soul with many a deadly dart;
 O! that I never, never, had betray'd,
 Or prov'd the ruin of an artless maid.
 Why did I all her rising charms eclipse,
 Or breath a sulph'rous vapour on her lips?
 Ye smiling fair of Edin', hate my sight,
 For I, accurs'd, shall hate the dawning light.
 Oh! I've undone the fairest of your train,
 And ruin'd JESSIE ne'er shall smile again!
 But since on earth no punishment is giv'n
 I'll go and dare the punishments of Heav'n!
 To Heaven did I say; no, no, to hell;
 For crimes far less than mine the angels fell.
 I'll face hell's flames, and never heave a sigh;
 And on my grave let this inscription lie,

HERE ROTS A VILLAIN.

D

ON

ON RECEIVING

A POT OF THYME.

AH Time ! thou best, thou dearest gift of Heav'n,
The most abus'd of all its blessings giv'n ;
At last I prize, I honour, and respect,
What long I've had, and treated with neglect.
Bless'd be the youth who shew'd me first my crime,
And ever after made me value Time !

AN

AN EPITAPH.

BIRON, if e'er thy bosom bled for woe,

If e'er a tear bedew'd thy radiant eyes,

To yon church-yard, at close of evening go,

There low on earth the gay LOUISA lies.

BIRON, for thee she lost the joys of youth,

To thee, by magic pow'r, her heart was giv'n ;

For thee rejected friendship, love, and truth ;

For thee she scorn'd the world, and slighted Heav'n,

BIRON, for thee she pin'd the summer day,

By PHOEBUS' ray, or LUNA's milder beam ;

Nor could forget the fatal ninth of May,

Till, led by Death, she tasted LETHE's stream.

BIRON, for thee—but ah ! I'll stop in time ;

Around her grave I saw fierce lightnings dart ;

There sleeps her muse, there rest her pow'rs sublime ;

BIRON, for thee LOUISA broke her heart !

WORDS

WORDS OF COURSE.

OF all your friends, when at your last resource,
Avoid the man that deals in words of course.

DAMON's in love, he swears, with you alone ;
Another comes, his heart's not all your own.

Yet still he swears, and still he keeps his word,
Nor ever breaks it, till appears a third.

ALEXIS now was kneeling at my feet ;

'Tis strange he cannot see me on the street.

SANDY's my friend, no other aid I claim ;

In time of need, ah ! SANDY's chang'd his name !

I started t'other day, when WILLIE said

To JESSIE, You're a most unequall'd maid.

She smil'd, he sneer'd, I star'd him in the face ;

He whisper'd me, These words are common place.

They are, 'tis well, too long I've felt their force,

Curse on your folly, and 'your words of course !

ON THE

ST BERNARD'S CANARY BIRDS.

SWEET is the subject of my verse,
Then let the softest notes rehearse

The simple tale of woe ;
Two pretty birds, by love endear'd,
Elate on airy pinions rear'd,
In mutual flight did go

To yonder grove, where neither strife,
Nor jarring scenes of busy life,

Could hurt the little pair ;
They knew the master good and kind,
Of tender heart, and equal mind,
And thought to settle there.

In sweetest notes his praise they sung,
In yonder yew bush hatch'd their young,
Yet shyly shun'd his care ;

Around

Around the season seem'd to smile,
They knew not nature could beguile,
So flew in open air.

Their infant brood had caught the wing,
Their little throats were tun'd to sing,
When lo! the killing frost
Did on each tender blossom seize;
Chill, helpless 'mong the hoary trees,
They fell, for ever lost.

Yet shall some pretty babe relate
Their timeless end, but happy fate,
Too apt to find an urn;
And other songsters, as they fly,
Shall view them with a plaintive eye,
But envy while they mourn.

ON THE
BIRTH-DAY OF A YOUNG GENTLEMAN
IN THE
EAST INDIES.

METHINKS the lark with sweeter lay

Salutes the smiling morn,

All nature seems to hail the day

When such a son was born.

He sprung like yonder poplar fair

In all the charms of youth,

A something shone in all his air

Of dignity and truth.

His face and figure must engage,

And such a soul has he;

The like is given once in an age,

To shew what man should be.

Then

Then why from Britain's happy isle
To other regions go;
Shall strangers share that angel smile
While friends are sunk in woe?

No, charming PHOENIX, shew your sense;
Relieve a load of pain,
And let the winds that bore you hence
Convey you back again.

THE

THE STAR OF EDEN VALE.

WHY stands the tear in JESSIE's eye?

Why does MARIA weep and wail?

With grief they scarcely can reply,

“ We've lost the Star of Eden vale.”

For him all nature seems to mourn ;

We hear a voice in ev'ry gale ;

He never, never will return,

The lovely Star of Eden vale.

In yonder grove a maiden lies,

Ah! she could tell thee such a tale!

Look not, MARIA, with surprise,

Dim is the Star of Eden vale.

But why should I this tale relate,

Or what can sighs or tears avail?

Curse on a rival's ruthless hate,

Fall'n is the Star of Eden vale.

E

But

But I'll forbear to tell her name,
For that would turn MARIA pale;
Yet never was she heard to blame,
But blefs the Star of Eden vale,

With languid look, at close of day,
She walks alone by hill and dale;
And oft I've heard her sighing fay,
The Sun is fet in Eden vale.

A T A L E.

THINK how welcome dawns AURORA

On the weary trav'ler's eyes ;

Think how lovely PHOEBUS rises,

And adorns the eastern skies :

Full as welcome, and as lovely,

To the fair CAMILLA's sight,

Did appear her valiant lover,

Through the solemn gloom of night.

Both, with looks of heartfelt sorrow,

Gaz'd awhile, but neither spoke ;

Till at length the brave ALONZO,

Thus with sighs the silence broke.

Canst thou hear, too lovely lady ?

Will thy tender heart not break ?

I must go, perhaps forever ;

Here my last farewell I take.

But

But think not now, my dear CAMILLA,
Tho' through foreign climes I range,
Gold or beauty e'er shall tempt me ;
This fond heart can never change.

What tho' fate condemns thy lover
Once again to shine in arms ;
Fortune yet may make ALONZO
More deserving of thy charms.

Ah ! reply'd th' afflicted lady,
With a look that pierc'd his heart,
I will ne'er survive to see thee ;
Here forever we must part.

Think, ah ! think, my dear ALONZO,
When to heights of fame you rise ;
Here, depriv'd of friends and fortune,
Thy once lov'd CAMILLA dies.

For

For thy sake, my cruel uncle,
Drives the orphan from his door ;
Thus distress'd, I flew to meet thee,
But will never see thee more.

Dost thou think, says brave ALONZO,
I could leave thee thus forlorn ?
No, this sword shall guard CAMILLA ;
Fame and fortune both I scorn.

In yon castle I've a mother,
Tender as CAMILLA's fair ;
For my sake she'll fondly love thee,
If her friendly roof thou'lt share.

Let me take thee to her bower,
She will soothe thy gentle breast ;
Nor refuse thy ardent lover
What will make him truly blest.

Softly

Softly sigh'd the wounded maiden :

Thus upon her bended knee,

Leave me, dear ALONZO, leave me ;

This can never, never be.

Is CAMILLA then dependent,

Abject as a common slave ;

Death to me has lost his terrors,

First I'll sink in yonder wave.

Is it thus you term my passion,

Said the conscious noble swain ;

Then, proud maid, indeed I'll leave you,

Since my love has prov'd in vain.

But may Heaven guard CAMILLA,

Tho' I bid a last adieu ;

Never more will I love woman,

Since I'm treated thus by you.

On

On the earth's cold bosom lying,
Fair CAMILLA breath'd her last;
Time's fleet wing is arm'd with sorrow,
Why relate the woe that's past?

A

A S O N G.

SAW ye the glens, faw ye the rocks,
 Or faw ye bonny HARRY HOWIE ?
 On yonder hill he feeds his flocks,
 His flocks fae gay, himsel fae dowie.

Yes, I hae seen the glens, the rocks,
 And I've been wading through the heather;
 And there I spied a wand'ring flock,
 Their herd was gone I know not whither.

But hark ! I hear a dismal choir
 Of bleating lambs, and shepherds mourning ;
 Ah ! HARRY HOWIE is no more ;
 No more wild echoes are returning.

An urchin fly has slain the youth,
 Has slain him with a bow and quiver ;
 A fairer mind of spotless truth
 From such a form Death ne'er did sever.

Oft

Oft will I leave the festive train,
And seek the glens and rocks fae dowie;
There every zephyr shall explain
What I have felt for HARRY HOWIE.

F

WRITTEN

WRITTEN IN THE

HERMITAGE AT BRAID.

ONCE, weary of the busy town,
 And with poetic ardour fir'd,
 I left it with a scornful frown,
 To yon sweet hermitage retir'd.

I set me on a mossy stone
 Beside the softly falling stream;
 So charm'd to find myself alone,
 It only seem'd a pleasant dream.

When, lo! from yon surrounding shades,
 Through which the waters glide along,
 Step'd forward two as lovely maids
 As e'er were fam'd in poet's song.

The

The one majestic, graceful, gay,
 Commanded more than mortal air ;
Her meaning eyes were bright as day ;
 In glossy ringlets wav'd her hair.

Her dress, the purest simple white,
 No gaudy ornament did show ;
She seem'd array'd in robes of light,
 More spotless than the new fall'n snow.

The other like her sister seem'd,
 But shone with an inferior air ;
From her mild eyes no raptures stream'd,
 But modest pleasure sparkled there.

A serious settled look of peace
 In all her gentle form appear'd ;
And something which could never cease
 To make that gentle form endear'd.

On

On me she turn'd her smiling eyes,
Which sparkl'd then with love and joy :
Be what I am, she sweetly cries,
And nothing shall your bliss destroy.

The other sternly thus reply'd :
'Twould be a crime to copy thee,
Unless she leave a world of pride,
Or wander through that world with me.

My name is VIRTUE ! fear not, then,
In my rough paths on earth to stray ;
I'll guide you from the wiles of men ;
I'll lead you to the realms of day.

And this fair virgin is CONTENT,
Which you, I hope, will shortly be.
If that's your wish, in time repent,
Disdain the world, and follow me.

I rose, and, with a beating heart,

Clasp'd blooming VIRTUE to my breast :

By heav'n, we never more shall part !

I sigh'd, I wept, and closer prest.

Your path may lie through care and strife ;

E'en through these paths I'll follow you,

Till, at the farthest verge of life,

I bid this vale of tears adieu.

ON

O N M R *****

I'M not so great a child, misjudging youth,
 As be offended at the simple truth.
 But since to you the muses lend an ear,
 Guard your poetic genius by your fear
 Of e'er offending; and, as fate decrees,
 That beauteous form must cross the raging seas,
 Let thy young heart with native goodness glow,
 Nor e'er disgrace the land from whence you go.
 May he who nam'd thee first creation's lord,
 Assist thy courage, and direct thy sword.
 On earth each bliss of fortune may'st thou reap,
 And death approach thee like an infant's sleep.
 If doom'd to fall amidst the fields of fame,
 May deeds of honour still record your name.

ON

ON A LATE

DISTURBANCE IN THE THEATRE.

WHEN *Villain* was utter'd by FENNELL, around
The lawyers appear, with their eyes on the ground;
Each knew his own heart, and in anger did cry,
I will be reveng'd, for by God it is I.

Then, to settle the matter, they met on a call,
And, convicted, agreed that it must be them all!

ON

ON THE

STUMP OF AN OLD TREE.

O MOVING sight ! it wakes the tragic muse ;
 To scenes like this my heart is never cold :
 Alas ! poor plant, why stand'st thou here alone ?
 Is it because thou'rt leafless, bent, and old ?

Thy branches lop'd, no more afford a shade
 From beating rains, or PHŒBUS' scorching beams ;
 Nor here, reclin'd in slumbers, lies the swain,
 And of his fancied fortune fondly dreams.

Thou, once the pride, the glory of the plain,
 Round which sweet innocents did often play ;
 Thy trunk the houseless wretch has gladly fought,
 And little songsters lodg'd on every spray :

Here

Here has the bee procur'd a snug recess,
Form'd by the art of no destructive hand ;
Her toils repaid, her luxuries enjoyed,
And here in safety rear'd a busy band.

Neglected now alike by man and brute,
The woeful monument of many years ;
My spirits sink—I'll on thy stump recline,
And wash thy wither'd bark with female tears.

G

A

A NIGHT SCENE.

SEE Night, all majestic, lean over the hill,
 Dark dæmons recline on her breast ;
 Fond memory cease, or a moment be still,
 For sweet PHILOMEL sleeps in her nest.

She restless, like me, still laments for her mate,
 A stranger to pleasure and sleep ;
 But her sorrows have been of so lengthen'd a date,
 She's forgot both to sigh and to weep.

That voice which so softly I heard from a cloud,
 Was surely the voice of my swain ;
 Be quiet, ye winds, if ye whistle so loud,
 I never shall hear it again.

Oh, hark ! it is he—'tis MARIA he cries !
 How sweet stole the sound on my ear ;
 Like ÆOLUS' harp now it vibrates and dies,
 And leaves me to doubt and to fear :

Return

Return, gentle spirit, in pity return ;
From death would you borrow a dart :
I'm weary at midnight to wander and mourn,
Then strike me at once to the heart.

A YOUNG LASS'S SOLILOQUY.

AN' so it seems it is reported,
 That I hae ne'er been woo'd nor courted,
 But de'il speed lies ;
 The bonny lads came flocking round me,
 Enough in conscience to confound me,
 Like hives of bees.

But I was cald as winter snaw,
 An' nae return would ever shaw
 For a' their favours ;
 An' now ye see ye hae been wrang,
 Nae mair o' me ye'll make a fang,
 But had ye'r clavers.

Yet out o' spite I'll tell the rest,
 An' which o' them I liked best,
 Wha was fae clever,

To

To melt this icy breast o' mine,
To take my heart without design,
An' keep it ever.

It was a lad wi' yellow hair,
Wi' rosy cheeks, an' forehead fair,
An' light blue een ;
The like o' him on hill or dale,
In borough's town, or country vale,
Was never seen.

O vow but he was proud an' faucy,
An' better loo'd anither lassy,
Wha had some filler ;
But I hae five an five good nails,
An', ere my strength or courage fails,
I'll wi' them till her.

ON A REAL INSTANCE OF
DISINTERESTED FRIENDSHIP.

ILL skill'd my youthful hand to guide
The just descriptive pen ;
Else with a poet's noblest pride
I'd draw the best of men.

Ye unseen beings that attend
In realms of purest light,
Assist to paint the orphan's friend,
The good, the matchless W——TE

And listen while I tell the tale,
More like a fancied dream :
One night, as languid, faint, and pale,
I view'd bright LUNA's beam,

I rov'd by yon fair building's side,
That strikes the wond'ring sight,
Then tow'ring high in airy pride
Dim through the gloom of night,

My

My mind o'erclouded was with woe,
As dismal as the scene;
Shades o'er my fate did thick'ning grow,
No ray could intervene:

But he was nigh, the friend of all
Beheld with tender care;
And still awake to pity's call,
My sorrows wish'd to share,

He spoke, ye heavens! the pleasing sound
Still vibrates in my ear;
Words which might heal the deepest wound,
And dissipate each fear.

But, oh! it was not words alone;
For bounteous deeds did prove,
A goodness to the world unknown
His manly breast did move.

On

On earth each broken heart elate

Beholds him with delight ;

And heaven shall open every gate

To welcome matchless W——TE!

ON A YOUNG LADY.

SWEET lovely maid, what shall I say,
 Or how describe thy charms ;
 Whose look, like PHOEBUS' cheering ray,
 Each chilly bosom warms.

Can we behold that gentle face,
 And no emotions feel ?
 Who coldly views such ease and grace
 Must have a heart of steel.

In sickness see her sweetly smile,
 To cheer each anxious friend ;
 O ! bounteous heaven, our fears beguile,
 And quick assistance lend.

In blooming charms, and youthful prime,
 How calmly does she bear
 A pain, which might embitter time,
 And drive her to despair.

H

There's

There's angel meekness in her breast,
Or we could never find,
In one fair female, so distressed,
Such happy strength of mind:

AN

A N E L E G Y.

MATILDA was mild as the morn,
 Yet gay as the Goddess of Youth;
 No gems did MATILDA adorn
 But innocence, virtue, and truth.

She came from the banks of the THAMES,
 Her looks her soft passion exprest
 For FELLEEN, the youth of her dreams,
 The solace and pride of her breast,

His eyes were as bright as the sun;
 Her form was all graceful and gay;
 Scarce equall'd, and rivall'd by none;
 His voice was the nightingale's lay.

He lov'd his MATILDA a while,
 But soon she discover'd, too late,
 That men can deceive while they smile,
 And go without shame or regret.

From

From CUPID he borrow'd a dart,
And long it seem'd lent him in vain;
But when he had wounded her heart,
He instantly quitted the plain.

She stood by the side of a brook,
When left by her FELLEN alone,
And cast such a pitiful look,
Might have melted the heart of a stone.

The Heavens were wrapp'd in a cloud,
All nature dejected did seem;
Then calling on FELLEN aloud,
She suddenly plung'd in the stream.

A

A R E Q U E S T.

A FAIR one once upon a time,
 Address'd a nymph that dealt in rhyme,
 I pray on me make satire;
 And plainly tell me, as a friend,
 My faults, that I may strive to mend;
 I hate to hear you flatter.

The nymph replied—Give me my book,
 And then assum'd the critic's look;
 But stopt to pause a while:

The greatest fault in you I see,
 Is asking such a thing of me;
 Nor, NANCY, need you smile.

For, O! it was in vain to think,
 At such an error I could wink;
 Your meaning will not hide
 Full well before I spake you knew,
 Of faults you had so very few,—
 'Twas conscious female pride.

A S O N G.

THE morning smiles with soft delight,
 The streams do smoothly glide ;
 'Tis not the sun that shines so bright,
 'Tis NAN of LEADER side.

Her sprightly notes the lark does make
 Among the branches hide :
 And all the drowfy songsters wake
 With NAN of LEADER side.

O why that look of cold disdain ?
 Yet wherefore do I chide ;
 For sure there's pleasure in the pain,
 Sweet NAN of LEADER side.

No wonder then her bosom swells
 With heart-exulting pride ;
 For, hark ! on EDEN banks the bells
 Play NAN of LEADER side.

To

TO CAPTAIN * * * *

O THOU! unaw'd by principle or pow'r,
Behold and tremble for the fated hour,
When nature calls thy heedless soul away,
To leave its better part, thy wretched clay.

Do you e'er peace or satisfaction find;
Does not your pleasures leave a sting behind?
How short's life's joy, how fleeting is our breath;
Reflect one moment on the hour of death!

Behold thy spirit ready to depart,
What tortures then shall pierce your harden'd heart!
How many guiltless souls, by you destroy'd,
As instruments of pain, shall be employ'd?

Your troubl'd conscience will abhor the light,
Yet terror shall perplex you all the night.
Reflect on this, and turn your eyes to Heav'n;
There still is mercy—you may be forgiv'n.

In

In asking pardon, now employ that tongue
Which once deceiv'd the ignorant and young.
I've heard, O dreadful! children you betray,
And dim the radiance of their rising day.

But if you heaven and earth will still disdain,
And this last timely warning prove in vain,
I fear some hand will quickly be employ'd,
And you'll, like other monsters, be destroyed :
But if you live till nature play its part,
Then doubly doubly shall you feel the smart.

THE

THE LOVE-LORN MAID.

BENEATH an aged elm's embow'ring shade,
 Beside a rill that murmurs through the plain,
 There lay ORMINA : Thus the pensive maid
 Soft sung the praise of STREPHON, handsome swain,
 And rocks and hills re-echo'd back again.

Such was the sound, as in the spheres above,
 Celestial spirits sing at rising day ;
 It was the accents of sincerest love,
 And PHILOMELA sweetly join'd the lay,
 And other songsters waked on every spray.

I've view'd the flow'rs that deck the vernal ground,
 I've view'd the stars that deck the azure sky,
 A sweeter bloom on STREPHON's cheek I found,
 A brighter lustre beam'd in STREPHON's eye ;
 Then wonder not for him alone I sigh.

I've view'd the yellow leaves in autumn spread,
 I've view'd the sun's bright lustre on the main ;

I

Such

Such are the locks that STREPHON's temples shade,
Such is the brightness that adorns my swain,
And still this breast his image shall retain.

But, hark! I heard a voice in yonder gale;
Some gentle spirit whispers through the breeze;
What if he now o'erhears thy tender tale;
What if he lies conceal'd among the trees,
With looks of fullen pride and heart at ease?

Awake each tender feeling of the heart,
Awake but for a while in STREPHON's breast
And if he deigns to smile before we part,
Then shall ORMINA be supremely blest,
Forget her former pain, and sink to rest.

ON

ON A LADY.

FOR thee, ELIZA, darling theme,
 Too weak are all the strokes of art,
 Whose lovely eyes reflected beam
 Go thrilling through the painter's heart.

As some young eagle, when it fails
 Before the sun's too scorching rays,
 Begins to pant for fanning gales,
 And sickens at the brilliant gaze;

So while the artist draws that form,
 Where every beauty is express'd,
 His raptur'd fancy grows too warm,
 And love lights torches in his breast.

And oh! as ill the poet tries
 To paint the charms that deck thy mind;
 No, that his utmost skill defies,
 Angelic sweetness there we find.

Then

Then, peerless maid, 'tis all in vain
To say how bright thy beauties shine,
For every look expresses plain
The hand that form'd thee was divine,

A S O N G.

IT was at night his form divine,
 Did with transplendent beauty shine,
 And won my right good will;
 The moon did cast a pleasing ray,
 We thought it sweeter than the day,
 And wander'd to the hill.

We seem'd to tread enchanted ground,
 Where fairies keep their midnight round,
 As I have oft been told;
 We set us down upon a rock,
 Where shepherds us'd to feed their flock,
 In golden days of old.

My bosom thrill'd with pleasing pain,
 He look'd so like that handsome swain,
 Who charm'd the Grecian fair;
 I swore by all yon lights above,
 My heart, till then a foe to love,
 Did yield like easy air.

With

With envy all condemn my flame,

And Prudence says I am to blame,

For loving one so rare,

Yes, I confess I have been wrong,

For not APOLLO, God of Song,

With JAMIE can compare.

ON

ON MR ***** ACTOR.

GREAT child of nature, well you play your part,
 Yet nature sure would need a little art.
 Excuse me ***** but I'm forc'd to tell,
 In nought so much as bawling you excell.
 And where there's no occasion for a storm,
 Your head's too giddy, and your blood too warm.
 For instance now, when men are making love,
 They bill and coo, as gentle as the dove ;
 But you, all foaming like a savage bear,
 Attempt with blust'ring cries to move the fair.
 How inconsistent, vain unthinking boy,
 To rage a tyrant, while you look a toy.
 You gain applause—good faith, I grant it true,
 Nothing like roaring charms the vulgar crew.
 But men, whose judgement's rather more acute,
 Astonish'd stare, with indignation mute.

THE

THE ILL-FATED LOVER.

ON ALPIN'S mount, by CELIN'S stream,
 ALVIRA spent the day,
 While ORPHEUS tun'd his oaten reed
 To some enchanting lay.

This couple lov'd, yes dearly lov'd,
 Beyond the power of tongue,
 Beyond the very reach of thought,
 Tho' they were poor and young.

Sweet were their looks, and kind their words,
 No thought was e'er conceal'd,
 Whatever with ALVIRA form'd
 To ORPHEUS was reveal'd.

In early years, they both were left
 On distant hills alone;
 Their cave was cover'd o'er with moss,
 And at the door a stone.

The

The fruits which fed the little birds
Did nature's want supply,
And sweetly CELIN's stream they drank,
Whenever they were dry.

The skins of beasts that ORPHEUS flew
Did serve them both for cloaths ;
As valiant heroes often wear
The armour of their foes.

Once as they took an evening walk,
With sighs ALVIRA said ;
Alas ! how helpless should I be,
Dear youth, if thou wert dead.

The thought like lightning struck his heart,
He clasp'd her to his breast ;
We are but one, delightful maid,
So keep thy mind at rest.

K

Like

Like that first fair in EDEN form'd,
Thou art to ORPHEUS giv'n;
And, blest with thee, he asks no more,
He seeks no higher Heav'n.

Could eagles soar without their wings,
And almost reach the skies?
And could thy ORPHEUS view one joy,
Without ALVIRA's eyes?

Adieu, my love, short while we part,
To slay a bear I go.
Night coming on, he lost his way
In hills o'erlaid with snow.

Trembling and faint he wander'd long,
To seek his little cave,
Till, falling from the mountain brow,
He found an early grave.

ALVIRA

ALVIRA glean'd the shady wood,
To make a cheerful blaze,
That, when he weary should return,
His spirits it might raise.

The finest fruits were all prepar'd
To make her ORPHEUS smile;
The cave with shells she deck'd around,
His absence to beguile.

At length, quite tir'd and anxious grown,
His stay she greatly fear'd;
So spent the night in painful thought,
Till morning rays appear'd.

O'er hill and dale, at early dawn,
She run in wild despair,
Till waving 'mong the chilly snow
Appear'd his golden hair.

She

She view'd the eyes where honour beam'd,
Now fix'd in speechless gaze;
And pale and parch'd the coral lips
That wont to sing her praise.

The dimpl'd cheek was wan and cold,
Nor vied with roses more;
No smiling feature could she trace,
That warm'd her heart before.

All mangled, bleeding on the plain,
Distorted with the blast,
She gaz'd till death bedimm'd her sight,
Then fell and breath'd her last.

WRITTEN IN THE

HERMITAGE OF BRAID.

SURROUNDED with the shading trees,
 Intranc'd in sweet delight,
 I hail the day, I bless the hour,
 Which gave me life and light.

Tho' from my birth the child of chance,
 I prize what Heav'n has lent ;
 And with the little that's my lot,
 I feel myself content.

Does not the beauteous orb of Heav'n
 Impartial dart his beams,
 Alike to all the woods, the hills,
 The gentle falling streams ?

Does not the God who made them thus,
 Alike impartial deal ?
 He does—had vain deluded man
 The sense to see and feel.

If I again behold this day,
And languish in distress,
Thou, Power Supreme, support my soul,
And make the struggle less,
But if it be thy gracious will,
To give me health and ease,
With grateful heart I'll praise thy name
Below these shading trees,

THE

THE STRUGGLE.

A THOUSAND sighs that bursting rise,
 Bid STREPHON here remain,
 Yet SALLY cried, with woman's pride,
 Oh ne'er return again.

Awhile to stand, and take her hand,
 Befought the blooming swain;
 Away she flies, and thus replies,
 Oh ne'er return again.

O speak the truth, nor scorn the youth,
 These struggles are in vain;
 He goes away, now can you say,
 Oh ne'er return again.

How dark's the night, he's out of sight,
 Unheard I'll breath my pain;
 Ye zephyrs sigh, although I die,
 Oh ne'er return again.

Nor

Nor e'er reveal how much I feel,
In forcing this disdain;
Tho' death should tell I lov'd thee well,
Oh ne'er return again.

This wounded heart, that bleeds to part,
Was never us'd to feign;
Unmov'd you go, then never know,
Oh ne'er return again.

A S O N G.

WHEN the lovely young EDWIN was laid to repose,

At the dawn of the day, when bright PHOEBUS arose,
The bays and the laurels did serve for a shade,
And the myrtles and willows supported his head.

The lark and the linnet arose on the spray,
And the lambs all around him did frolic and play;
E'en the bee was entic'd with such sweetness and grace,
And, in quest of his honey, did light on his face.

E P I G R A M.

CURSE on their malice! angry DAMON cries,
I've lost my character by envious lies:
Pooh! I replied, good DAMON, never mind it,
The man's completely curs'd shall chance to find it.

L

ON

ON A
 YOUNG GENTLEMAN'S RETURN
 FROM
 JAMAICA.

YE winds, ye waves, ye stormy seas,
 To whom such force is giv'n,
 Ah! gently, gently, waft on shore
 The noblest work of Heav'n.

He comes! the lovely youthful bard,
 To grace his native isle,
 To bless a mother's longing eyes,
 To make his DELIA smile.

Come then, ye maids, a garland weave
 To crown his beauteous brow;
 To DELIA we'll the garland give,
 To her he gave his vow.

THE

THE EMPTY PURSE.

WHAT all despise, and all agree to curse,
 I view with pride and joy, an Empty Purse.
 When it was full, so was my heart of woe,
 I knew not what to do, nor where to go.
 I would be gen'rous, but I long'd for dress;
 Appearing great, I made myself look less.
 I that no kindred ever dar'd to claim,
 Found fifty kind relations of my name.
 No more could I complain of friends neglect,
 And daring falsehood hung around my neck;
 Amaz'd I cried, What means this mighty change;
 The forward fool replied, 'Tis nothing strange.
 Wretch, take my gold, I said, my greatest curse,
 Leave me an honest heart, and empty purse.

A H Y M N.

AUTHOR of life and light, Great Power above!

Parent of all, whose very self is love!

Shall flatt'ring reason make a faint essay

To paint one spark of thy eternal ray?

Not all the years that in creation roll,

Not all the finer organs of the soul;

The heart of man grows speechless in thy praise,

While angels, lost in silent wonder, gaze.

Soon as the morning trembles through the sky,

To wake the world, we view thy piercing eye;

The tuneful lark, elated, leaves her nest,

The sun's warm lustre beaming on her breast:

Through worlds untold the morning hymns resound

Till Heav'n's high arch re-echoes back the sound.

AN

AN ADDRESS TO NIGHT.

HAIL solemn Night, ye glitt'ring lamps of Heav'n,
 Fair orb of light, with mild benignant rays,
 To my torn breast a woman's heart is given,
 Or in soft numbers I'd attempt thy praise.

Then let me tell ye, silent spirits round,
 Ye unseen beings, pure as breathing spring,
 Who in my bosom plac'd this deadly wound,
 No viper's poison here, no serpent's sting.

Fair was the form, as mortal form can be,
 Alas! I languish for no common swain;
 Graceful the youth who gave this wound to me,
 And yet I'm tortur'd with uncommon pain.

O thou Great Power! from whom I drew my breath,
 May I presume to beg an early grave;
 To ask the awful privilege of death,
 Forgive me, Heav'n! no other boon I crave.

ON

ON A YOUNG LADY, WHO ASKED A NECKLACE
OF A GENTLEMAN'S HAIR, AND WAS
REFUSED.

AND is it thus, MIRANDA cried,
And am I then by him denied,
Alas my heart is fore ;
Why did I make the fond request ?
Why not conceal it in my breast,
As I had done before ?

I know not how he spoke so fair,
I wish'd to have his yellow hair,
And wear it round my neck ;
But, O ! it hurt his gentle mind,
Such boldness in my sex to find,
Then what could I expect.

EPIGRAM

EPIGRAM.

A FRIEND of mine the other day,
 Who has more grace than pelf,
 When speaking of a sot, did pray,
 LORD take him to thyself.

When turning quick, ELIZA cries,
 Indeed 'tis mighty odd ;
 A man you do yourself despise,
 You think is fit for God.

EPITAPH

E P I T A P H.

O LOVELY woman, dearest of thy kind,
 On whom my fond remembrance loves to dwell,
 No poet's pen can ever paint thy mind,
 Nor tongue of mortal born thy praises tell.

Engrav'd on my fond heart thy image lies,
 I've seen thee brighter than the rising sun,
 When from his chambers in the orient skies,
 In radiant splendor, he his course begun.

Purer and calm as looks the closing day,
 When every angry element does cease ;
 Smiling in death, my best example lay,
 And fought the regions of eternal peace.

Yet boding tears bedew'd her faded cheek,
 Two weeping orphans standing by her bed ;
 She look'd their future fate, but could not speak,
 For death's cold hand lay on her beauteous head.

To

TO MR *****.

UNUS'D to every soothing sound,
 Inur'd to every sorrow;
 To day you vainly bind the wound
 That bleeds afresh to-morrow.

The world beholds with careless eye,
 And much I scorn their pity;
 Unseen, to heave the bursting sigh,
 I leave the crowded city.

And dost thou ask my falt'ring tongue,
 To tell a tale of woe?
 The griefs my youthful breast have wrung
 Oh! may'st thou never know!

Long have I bore an orphan's name,
 And shar'd an orphan's fate;
 Few friends I have, or dare to claim,
 Such is my helpless state.

M

The

The simple dictates of my heart
To public view they force;
Not pride, but pain does this impart;
It is my last resource.

ON THE AUTHOR'S BIRTH-DAY.

THUS lowly bending on my parent earth,
 I view with tears the day that gave me birth ;
 Since I had power to think I ne'er could find
 Myself of any service to mankind ;
 Tho' oft this vain, this giddy foolish heart,
 For others griefs does most severely smart ;
 And yet I ne'er found means, or never could,
 But this I know, I never did them good.
 Me whom the iron hand of fate does press,
 Tho' most familiar, never felt the less ;
 Scorn'd by those friends with whom I once could vie,
 Without one kind companion doom'd to sigh,
 I feel new causes, each succeeding morn,
 To mourn the day when such a wretch was born.
 But O ! Almighty Father ! if I dare
 To left my eyes to thee, accept this prayer ;
 Let ne'er ambition fire my youthful breast,
 Nor earthly trifles rob my soul of rest.

May

May I ne'er heave a sigh for dirty pelf,
 Or any thing that but concerns myself,
 Unless my sins : O ! may they be forgiv'n,
 And all my happiness be plac'd in heav'n !
 O might I be enabled to relieve
 The wants, and sooth the cares of those that grieve ;
 I'd view my birth-day with a heart elate,
 And leave the world without the least regret.

THE END.

